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CONNELLSVILLE, PA. MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26, 1912.

EIGHT PAGES.

**POSTOFFICE ORDER
BARS MAIL GIVEN
OUT ON SUNDAY****New Regulation Prevents
Delivery When Applied
for in Person.****SPECIAL DELIVERY PROVIDED****Shrewdness of Department at Wash-
ington Increases Receipts by Re-
acting Ten Cents for Forwarding
Matter; Salaries of Five are Raised.**

Postmaster A. E. Korte this morning received orders following the passage of the postoffice appropriation bill in Congress last week, to close the Connellsville postoffice lobby on Sunday, and at the same time was notified of an increase in salaries for Misses Joseph Brooks and Vera Ryan, clerks, and Charles A. R. Searns, S. R. Cox and C. P. Raymond.

The order closing the lobby applies to all first and second class offices in the country and is the first restriction of the lobby. However, many first and second class offices including Connellsville, have closed their lobbies all or a part of Sunday, the closing order being governed largely by public sentiment.

First pressing of the bill on Sunday, may be closed on Saturday, to permit at the postoffice and describe the mail expected, which will be forwarded by special delivery. The order from the department provides that all special mail must be delivered promptly on week days. If the bill is passed, the deposit of 10 cents will be returned.

Mails will be collected from the boxes Sunday, and dispatched as usual, and all incoming mail will be accepted and distributed as on week days, although the lobby will be closed. Following is the change in the postoffice appropriation bill passed for the Sunday closing:

"That, hereafter postoffice of the first and second classes shall not be opened on Sunday for the purpose of delivering mail to the general public, but this provision shall not prevent the prompt delivery of special delivery matter."

The appropriation bill had been passed by the House of Representatives, and was to be passed by the Senate. The bill provides for the salaries of the following: Misses Brooks and Ryan, \$1,200 each; Searns, \$1,000; Cox, \$1,000; and Raymond, \$1,000.

**LOCAL GREEKS EYE ICARIANS'
ATTEMPT TO BREAK TURK RULE****Confederates Predict General War in
Europe in Less Than Two
Years.**

Local Greeks are interested intensely in the attempt of the Turkish nation to break the rule of the Ottoman empire, which is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey, to break the rule of the Ottoman empire, which is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey, to break the rule of the Ottoman empire, which is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey.

A local Greek confederate, who is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey, to break the rule of the Ottoman empire, which is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey, to break the rule of the Ottoman empire, which is a source of much trouble to the people of Turkey.

**MOTION PICTURE THEATRES TO
BE PROBED BY STATE OFFICERS****Local and Other Film Houses to be
Examined as to Sales
of Liquor.**

Major Philip Thomas in Connellsville and elsewhere in Pennsylvania, will be followed by similar steps on the part of the State Police, to bring about better sanitary and ventilation conditions.

This movement was reported, the day will be followed by similar steps on the part of the State Police, to bring about better sanitary and ventilation conditions.

Recent outbreak of influenza, and other diseases in this section of the State, has caused the commission to investigate conditions in motion picture houses in relation to the transmission of disease.

Dr. Sherick Convention Delegate.
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**PENROSE AND OTHER CASES
HALT CONGRESS ADJOURNMENT****Double Filibuster in Senate and Dead-
lock Discussed Members of
Both Houses.****United Press Telegram.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—After a morning spent in fruitless conferences, the Senate and House met today, with no change in the legislative deadlock. The legislative session ended another day of filibustering and jockeying for advantage and the leaders believed the end of the session was indefinitely postponed.

Disputed with the dead-lock, many members slipped out of town yesterday and a count by the leaders today disclosed lack of a quorum. It was to avert the point of "no quorum" that the leaders acted, because such a point would enforce suspension of all business until the Senate and House could agree on members and bring them back to Washington.

The situation was complicated by a double filibuster in the Senate. At least five Senators determined to keep adjournment unless measures they advocated were enacted. The Penrose, Archbold cases and the State claim were the matters in dispute. Senator Chamberlain of Oregon; Martin and Swann of Virginia; and Chamberlain of Texas threatened indefinitely to dead-lock the session unless the General Reorganization bill was passed with the provision authorizing payment by the Federal government of loans made by Virginia, Maryland, Oregon and Texas some of them a century ago. The House refused to acquiesce in this provision.

**ST. JAMES MAY BE SOLD NEXT
WEEK, SAYS PROPRIETOR****Negotiations for West Main Street
Property Under Way; Names
Not Mentioned.**

Negotiations for the purchase of the St. James Hotel on West Main street, owned by James Macetta, have been on for the last few days. Macetta this morning admitted considering the sale of the property but said he had not yet closed the deal. He indicated, however, a sale might be made next week. The St. James property is said to be one of the most valuable on West Main street.

MILLARD ON POLICE BENCH**Arresting Burgess Bears Usual Grind of
Drunk and Other Charges.**

President Millard of Council presented at police court this morning in the charge of Burgess J. E. Korte, who is at the Connellsville Hotel. The Philadelphia and Pittsburgh youths, charged with being suspicious characters, forced Arthur Burgess Millard, who discharged the young men from the hotel. The youths were arrested on Water street at 4 o'clock this morning.

Irene Miller, 600 Adams and a male companion, whose name did not appear on the ticket, arrested in a room, were released after paying a fine. The man paid up \$10, the Miller woman \$5, and the Adams girl \$2.50.

James McAdams, charged with being drunk and disorderly, and James Coleman, charged with being drunk, paid fines of \$2.50. Edward Smith, charged with drunkenness, was discharged.

HIGH SCHOOL QUIZ FRIDAY**Those Entering First Time to Meet in
Building Friday Morning.**

All persons who expect to enter High School in September will meet in the building next Friday morning at 9 o'clock, according to an announcement by Superintendent of Schools A. H. Korte. All pupils who expect to take examinations for High School will go to the English word building at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Supplies for the year are being received and janitors have practically completed their work. "Everything will be in readiness for the opening of school," Superintendent A. H. Korte today.

Debs Advised of Nomination

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., Aug. 26.—Extensive publicity marked the nomination ceremonies here today when Eugene V. Debs received the Socialist nomination for President. The candidate was not visited by any committee and there was no formality whatever. Debs simply released his acceptance speech to the newspapers and at once began preparations for a trip to Foreign Falls, Minn., where he will speak tomorrow night.

School at Eldora Picnic.
One of the most noted Socialists of the United States, ex-Mayor Emil Riegner of Milwaukee, will be present as a speaker at the third annual Labor Day celebration of Socialists at Eldora Park September 2. The celebration will be held under the auspices of Socialists of Westmoreland, Fayette and Washington counties.

Survey for Flood Protection.
Borough Engineer P. H. Hitt will put a force of surveyors at work on the streets designated by Council under the proposed bond issue for flood protection. He expects to complete the survey by the end of the proposed improvements for the next meeting of Council.

Glaucoma Disappears at Republic.
The evidence of glaucoma among the horses at the Republic race track is almost wiped out, and the race of the horses affected with the disease are being killed this week, according to information received today by Veterinarian P. N. Sherick. Four horses are to be killed.

**MEMBERS OF SENATE COMMITTEE WHICH IS
INVESTIGATING CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS****BIDS FOR WEST PENN
LATROBE-HECLA LINE
TO BE FILED THIS WEEK****Chief Engineer and Party of
Contractors Inspect Pro-
posed Extension.****TO BE 9½ MILES IN LENGTH****Improvements of Trolley Company's
Property Rushed in Preparation for
Winter—Large Force Struggling
Transmission Wires to Cheat Haven.**

Bids for the construction of the West Penn Railway, 9½ mile extension from Hecla to Latrobe are to be submitted this week and work will start soon after. Chief Engineer J. L. Frisch of the West Penn, and a party of contractors went over the line today.

Pelich said today the bids would be submitted and the contract awarded at once. It is the plan to have the work completed if possible, before winter. The cost of the extension has not been determined. The removal of 125,000 yards of dirt will be necessary to grade the roadbed.

All improvements on the West Penn Company's line are being rushed. A large force of men under Superintendent of Construction W. M. Rogers began work this morning on the extension of the transmission line from Martin, a short distance above Brownsville, to Cheat Haven for the power to be generated from the electric power plant now being constructed.

Thousands of poles have been ordered by Rogers and many already have been delivered. Rogers was at Cheat Haven yesterday, arranging for the shipment of the poles to Martin. The first half of the work will be generally full in the eastern and southern States, and unmet with local rains in the northwestern districts and the Rocky mountain region the latter half of the week will be showery over much of the country from the great central valleys eastward and in the west Gulf States.

Rogers this morning made an inspection of the progress of the extension of the line in the vicinity of Leechburg, Salisbury and Avonmore. He made the trip in a new automobile.

Sell School Bonds Tonight.
The sale of the South Connellsville school bonds recently authorized by the board will take place at 8 o'clock this evening in the office of H. George May, Title & Trust building.

Helen Bobbie Sandows Pin.
Miss Helen Bobbie, who lives at the St. James hotel, fainted a few evenings ago when she swallowed a pin. The girl is little the worse for her experience.

BRILL LOSES CHILD CUSTODY**Habeas Corpus Suit at Uniontown
Won by Grandparents.**

Following a hearing in the habeas corpus case of Correll A. Brill against George and Elizabeth Gumbel of Uniontown, for the custody of Eleanor Gumbel Brill, infant daughter of the plaintiff and granddaughter of the defendant, the child was given into the custody of the grandparents by agreement and also will remain in the custody of the court. Brill was given the privilege of visiting his child. He must pay \$20 a month for his support.

The decision was by Judge R. E. Cribbet, before whom the hearing was held Saturday afternoon. This child's mother who bore her marriage was Miss Helen Gumbel of this town, died several weeks after the child's birth.

West Main Parking Tomorrow.
Construction Engineer Rogers said today he expects to resume work on the West Main street parking tomorrow. He is now grading at Leechburg, Pa., where the Erie Company is remodeling its plant and installing a new system.

Homer Sherick Leaves Hospital.
Homer Sherick, son of W. D. Sherick, who was admitted to the South Side Private hospital, has been discharged. He is greatly improved in health.

WARM WEATHER THIS WEEK**Forecast from Washington Predicts
Summer Temperature Next
Few Days.**

Warm weather will be the rule over the greater part of the country east of the Mississippi river the next few days, and during the first of the coming week will prevail over the middle Mississippi valley and the southern plains States, according to the weather bureau tonight.

"A change to considerably cooler weather," the bulletin said, "will overtake the northwestern States during the next few days, the middle west by Wednesday and the eastern and southern States the latter part of the week. The first half of the week will be generally full in the eastern and southern States, and unmet with local rains in the northwestern districts and the Rocky mountain region the latter half of the week will be showery over much of the country from the great central valleys eastward and in the west Gulf States."

THE WEATHER

Showers and thunder storms this afternoon and probably tonight; cooler tonight; Tuesday fair and cooler; is the noon weather forecast.

The Temperature.
1912 1911
Maximum 84 78
Minimum 64 70
Mean 73

The Young river stood at 270 yesterday evening and at 250 this morning.

**COAL PRODUCTION
HAMPERED BECAUSE
OF LABOR SCARCITY****Frick Offices at Scottdale
Report Need for Addition-
al Mine Workers.****OLIVER, TOO, NEEDS MORE MEN****Reports from All Parts of Pennsylv-
ania, Particularly the Western
Section, Indicate Shortage of Help;
Firms Advertising For Aid.**

Reports today from all sections of the Pennsylvania coal region indicate a shortage of miners. In the Fayette field, it was said at the Frick offices at Scottdale this morning, additional men could be used by the company at their works in this county. Other companies, including the Oliver, which is advertising for men, are suffering a shortage of laborers.

Labor conditions in the anthracite field also present a serious obstacle to the production. "Though the shipments for July broke all previous records for that month, they could have been made larger if a full labor force at every colliery had been available."

At the time of the suspension last spring thousands of mine workers left the region. Others found employment in other industries. Many of those who quit have not returned.

LIGHTNING UNROOFS HOME.**House of L. P. Smith in Youngwood
Struck; Storm Strikes
Greensburg.**

Connellsville escaped in part, the terrible storm which swept over Greensburg, Youngwood and surrounding country early this morning. The storm broke about 2:30 o'clock and was remarkable for its accompanying display of lightning.

The home of L. P. Smith in First avenue, Youngwood, was struck by lightning, which tore off a section of the roof. None was hurt.

Teddy Terms On Tale Gossip.
CYSTER TAY, Aug. 26.—Characterizing the testimony of ex-Governor O'Dell of New York and of John D. Archbold, before the Senate committee on heavy taxes, Colonel Roosevelt today expressed the wish the committee would summon Congressman Loeb of the port of New York, who was present at the interview between Harriman and Roosevelt when contributions to the 1904 campaign were discussed.

**ROOSEVELT DEMAND FOR PROBE
OF OIL TALE THOUGHT BLUFF****Ex-President, It is Believed, Timed
Request so Matter Would be
Postponed.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Colonel Roosevelt will not get the hearing he has asked before Senator Clapp's subcommittee on privileges and elections that he might answer charges by Senator Penrose and John D. Archbold, the Standard Oil contributed \$100,000 to his campaign fund in 1904 and that Roosevelt knew of the contribution and was aware the money had been spent when he wrote to Colonel Roosevelt instructing him to report. But one member of the subcommittee, Senator Clapp, is in Washington and hence it is impossible for further hearings now.

The other members of the committee are Senators Oliver of Pennsylvania; Jones of Washington; Leavelle of Tennessee; and Paynter of Kentucky, all of whom have left the city and will not return for several weeks. Senator Oliver left Friday evening before the Roosevelt request for a hearing came. When he went away it was with the understanding that no more sessions of the committee would be held until the latter part of September.

Senator Lea left here late last night for Nashville, where his young son is ill. Before he went he remained from the committee, and it has not been possible to notice another Democratic senator to take his place. Thus Senator Clapp finds it impossible to grant the request of Colonel Roosevelt that he be heard by the committee tomorrow.

It is uncertain whether Senator Clapp is displeased or gratified over the situation in which he finds himself. He is a Roosevelt man, hence there is reason to believe he would be glad to comply with the Colonel's request, as it would give the latter a chance to inform the country once more that Senator Penrose and John D. Archbold are liars in common with various and sundry other persons and newspapers that have accused him of accepting a campaign contribution from Standard Oil and asking a second one of larger proportions.

Senators believe Roosevelt purposely waited to demand the hearing until he learned the Penrose resolution with its amendment, empowering the committee to investigate the propriety of the primary and election laws, had been buried safely. As it was thought, on the Senator calendar, there to repose until next winter. These senators believe that if the Penrose resolution with its amendment, had been passed by the Senate, Roosevelt would have asked to appear before the Clapp committee. Had he done so after the Penrose resolution was in force, the members of the committee could have at once opened up the whole subject of this year's election campaign expenses and asked Roosevelt many questions that might have been highly embarrassing to him.

But the Colonel waited until late Saturday afternoon to make his request, and by that time it is no longer possible to get the hearing in the Senate, that the Penrose resolution was buried safely and he could go before the Clapp committee with no fear that his campaign expenses of this year would be probed.

**LOCAL EMPLOYEES OF B. & O.
ARE FAVORED FOR PROMOTION****J. E. Wallace and Samuel Mong Ad-
vanced, Former to Position of
Car Dispatcher.**

Official announcement was made at the office of Superintendent C. L. French this morning of the promotion in the service of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad of J. E. Wallace, former car dispatcher here, J. E. Wallace and Samuel Mong, all effective today. Wallace, who has been in the service of the company for several years, has been promoted to the position of car dispatcher. Wallace, who has lived in Connellsville since boyhood, has been in the service of the company 17 years and has been promoted from telegraph operator to his new position.

Samuel Mong is at Dawson and has been in the employ of the railroad company the last seven years, beginning as yard clerk. He is promoted from the position of assistant yardmaster.

The rapid rise of Connellsville men in the Baltimore & Ohio service is the source of much gratification locally. Pare, who has resided in Connellsville practically all his life, has risen rapidly and goes to Baltimore highly recommended. He will have a desk in the office of the railroad superintendent of motive power at Baltimore.

Salute Opens Old Home Week.

UNIONTOWN, Aug. 26.—The first of a salute at 7 o'clock this morning, opened Old Home Week festivities. The address of welcome was delivered in the courthouse at 10 o'clock by Attorney R. F. Heywood. Hundreds of former Uniontowners are back for the week's festivities and scores more are expected daily. A fairly large crowd took part in the opening of the program this morning.

30 Caught in Uniontown Jail.

UNIONTOWN, Aug. 26.—Thirty prisoners, including women, 29 of whom were caught in a raid on Coon Hollow last night, appeared before the judge this morning. Eighteen were released when some of the dusky damsel, fined \$4 for disorderly conduct, drew on the "First National Bank"—their stockings—for the money.

**THE BUSY BURGLAR
STILL IS BURGLING
IN CONNELLSVILLE****Icbox of Johnston Avenue
Resident is Raided and
Contents are Stolen.****ROBBERS MAKE GOOD ESCAPE****Home of Mrs. Benjamin Green of
South Connellsville, Twice Entered
by Thieves Who Ransack House
and Flew Articles of Clothing.**

The long list of robberies here was increased today by the reported theft of the contents of a refrigerator in the rear porch of a Johnston avenue residence Saturday night, and by several raids in South Connellsville. As yet, the police have no clues and no arrests have been made.

Food purchased for the Sunday dinner was stolen from the refrigerator on the rear porch of the home of Mrs. Rector on Johnston avenue. A quantity of meat, eggs and root beer was taken by the robbers, who made their escape.

Mrs. Benjamin Green of South Connellsville, suffered from the depredations of the thieves which have been infesting that borough. Two visits were made at the Green home, one during a recent afternoon, while Mrs. Green was away from home, when a suitcase containing clothing was stolen. Following the discovery of the theft, Mrs. Green became alarmed and went to the home of a neighbor for the night. During the night, the burglars returned, ransacked the house, stole a new suit belonging to Mrs. Green, and a quantity of other clothing.

Several robberies on Lindenman avenue, South Connellsville, near the railroad, have been reported.

There is a balance of opinion as to the identity of the burglars. Captain E. S. Russell of the Baltimore & Ohio detectives and Baltimore & Ohio Officer T. C. Phelan said they believe the robberies committed by blood train riders, large numbers of whom have been passed through Connellsville, lately.

Officer Phelan yesterday urged more rigid punishment of the train-riders and suggested they be committed to jail 30 to 60 days. "Sentences of this kind," he said, "would soon put an end to the visits of the 'boes in Connellsville'."

**PROBE DEMANDED IN ELECTION
OF WEST VIRGINIA SENATORS****Governor Glasscock Accuses William
E. Chilton and Clarence W.
Watson in Memorial.****United Press Telegram.**

WASHINGTON, Aug. 26.—Demand for a senatorial investigation of the election of Senators William E. Chilton and Clarence W. Watson of West Virginia, and of charges of bribery and corruption which figured in their election by the Legislature, was made in a memorial read in the Senate today. It was signed by Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, and several other prominent citizens of that State.

Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, insisted the memorial be read in full. It declared that an unholy alliance existed between this man, Watson and the man Chilton. "As they sleep in the same bed, the reasonable belief follows that they think together."

Details were given as to how the two Senators are alleged to have secured their seats by the improper use of money. The proceedings of the West Virginia Legislature, by which they were elected to the Senate, were incorporated in the memorial.

**B. & O. STOPS COALING ITS
ENGINES AT ROCKWOOD****Exhaustion of Supply in Brandenburg
Shut Compels Change to
Garrett.**

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company will discontinue the coaling of its engines at the Brandenburg Coal Company's mines, near Rockwood, owing to the depletion of the coal in the mine. The road will coal at Garrett, using about 650 tons a day.

Men at the Brandenburg mines were ordered to quit work Saturday, until further notice. It is reported, however, the company plans to sink a shaft the next three weeks, to a vein of coal 50 feet below the one just exhausted.

The Brandenburg Company began operations near Rockwood in 1907, and the following year installed a \$10,000 steel tipple for coaling the Baltimore & Ohio engines. Engines were coaled there until a few days ago, when orders were issued to coal at the Mersel mine, seven miles from Rockwood.

Illness Cause of Sabie's Delay.
A. B. Sabie, teacher of mathematics in the High School, who had tendered his resignation, advised Superintendent Stanley P. Ashe today, that illness had caused his inability to begin his duties at the opening of school next Monday. He said he did not expect to teach elsewhere during the year. Action in the matter will be taken by the School Board next Friday evening.

PERSONAL.

Get a word. They BRING the Results.

Anything, Have Anything for Sale or
Rent, Try Our Classified Ads at One
Cent a Word. They Bring the Results.

Secretary of Trivoltous Affairs

by MAY FURELLE



Illustrations by V.L. BARNES

"I was mentally juggling my crowd and planning my schedule for the day when a car that didn't belong to any of the 90's came up the driveway. It carried one passenger and a chauffeur, the passenger being a red-headed young man whom I knew instantly. Hap knew him, too. He reached the steps by the time the newspaper man did and politely managed to block his progress."

There was a curious silence on the terrace after whispering as to the identity of the newcomer. Everybody was listening.

"See Miss Agassiz?" we heard Hap repeat. "Awfully sorry. Miss Agassiz is in town."

"Can you tell me where she is?" the reporter asked.

"She's shopping," Hap lied glibly. "Never know exactly where a woman is when she shops."

"Shopping," repeated the reporter. "Did—" He looked at Hap and smiled, glanced toward the front door, then frankly looked over Hap's shoulder at the crowd on the terrace. Hap noted the action and grinned. He swept his hand generally in our direction.

"You see she isn't here," he remarked. "She is sure that she is."

"She is still upstairs in bed, but I know better, and every minute I expect to see her step through the doors to the terrace," I noted and stood where I could look down the hallway. The reporter glanced at the front door again. Not one of us thought of its being a holiday.

"Will she be back this afternoon?" the reporter asked.

"I hardly think so," Hap answered. "I think she's going to stay over and shop again tomorrow. And I really can't tell you where she's staying. It might be with her aunt, you know, or it might be with her cousin, or yet again it might be with some friend."

"I'd have gone on like that until yesterday, I suppose, if the reporter hadn't interrupted."

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Abbott," the reporter said, and started rudely for Winthrop. But Hap's foot was mysteriously in the way, and the newspaper man had hard work adjusting his equilibrium. "I'd like to ask him if he can positively prove that the emerald—"

Something happened, we could never say just what. But the reporter's hat was on the ground and Hap, picking it up to restore it to its owner with exaggerated courtesy, was babbling about the gorgeous emerald and the delightful breeze from the east. Then he linked his arm through the reporter's, and it was just as well for that red-headed young gentleman to go where he was being led. Five minutes later the car and the red-headed reporter disappeared down the driveway.

Hap called me aside.

"Will you go tell Natalie that a newspaper man has been here, and not to let him trick her into seeing him if he comes back?"

"She's in the library if you want to tell her yourself," I told him.

He knew there was something odd in Natalie's being up so early. He did some thinking, but the result of his meditations he didn't confide to me.

"You tell her, dear," he requested. "I don't want to talk to John."

I found Natalie replacing several books, but the Almanach de Gotha still lay open on the table. I delivered my message.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll be careful. Do you know what he wanted to ask me?"

"No."

"There wasn't any one but the reporter?" she went on anxiously. "No detective, or policeman?"

"No one but the reporter," I replied. Then suddenly: "Would you mind telling me if you had any particular reason last night for changing your mind about me?"

"Yes," she replied. "Simply came to my senses. I'll never be able to apologize sufficiently for what I said. My only consolation is that no one but the family know it." She closed the Almanach de Gotha and put it carefully back on the shelf. "Did you ever hear of the Duc d'Aubigny?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "Why?"

"Do you know that he was charged with jewel thefts in France and sent to jail?"

"I do. Why?"

She didn't answer for quite a while; finally she came close to me.

"It's a silly thing I'm going to tell you," she drawled. "I have no foundation for my suspicions, but Saturday, when I was in town, I saw the Duc d'Aubigny."

I gasped, and my mouth fell open.

"Of course, I didn't know him at the time, but the Duc d'Aubigny is not easily forgotten. He has a peculiar manner."

"Yes, I know," I interrupted. "A manner?"

"He's a handsome devil," she insisted. "Saturday he seemed a bit dandy and his hair was combed down, as if he hadn't been out of prison long, and still he was handsome. I had pleasure in observing him, and I am absolutely sure of him. We were caught in a

matinee crash, and the Duc d'Aubigny was standing at the curb not six feet away from me. He saw me. He looked at me just as one glances at a stranger, but he knew me! I started to speak to him, but I never got on impulse, and there was a bare chance that I had made a mistake. But if he wasn't the Duc d'Aubigny it was his ghost!"

"But how could the Duc d'Aubigny have taken the ruby?"

"She said," she whispered. "I haven't dared think that far. He couldn't possibly have been connected in any way."

"She did not think," I said. "You won't mention this to a soul, will you, Miss Coleman? It's rather absurd."

"Just if Winthrop should need—"

"You said his arrest was not serious," she interrupted.

"No, it isn't. Do you think Mr. Abbott is a thief?" I asked her plainly.

"I did think so. I'm sure now he isn't."

"Why?" I wanted to know. "Have you a reason?"

"Yes, I've come to my senses," she smiled.

Just how that red-headed reporter managed to come back up the drive in a noisy car without either Hap or myself seeing him was an unexplained mystery. We both were with us in our own minds, and I was not playing. If only Hap had instructed Burrows not to take the car to Natalie! But he never thought of that.

Natalie, at first, sent back word that she was not there, but on the back of a card which bore the name "Mr. Samuel Dick, Evening Columbian," the reporter wrote something sufficiently magical to bring Natalie downstairs, and the conversation that followed was sufficiently magical to send Natalie to her room to don a hat. She climbed in the car with the red-headed reporter, and was driven away. Two hours later she returned, went to her room, and sent Minnie

to say to Mrs. Hazard that she had a slight headache and didn't wish to be disturbed.

The Evening Columbian felt like a bomb late in the night. I remember one awful line in that glaring heading:

"Miss Agassiz Positively Identifies Emerald Bracelet."

Poor old Winthrop!

CHAPTER XIX.

The Arrival of Jo.

There's something so self-reliant about Jo. She drove up under the porte cochere late Wednesday afternoon, lunched on the emergency, pushed up her goggles and alighted, totally oblivious of the surprised and admiring glances directed at her from those who happened to be having tea and things on the terrace. Jo drove like a man; she's so sure of herself, and I suppose a lone woman in a bulging brute of a car was just a little out of the ordinary. Benny Bliss arose, taking his high-ball with him, and perched frankly on the stone coping until Lydia pulled his coat and gave a sidelong glance in my direction.

"Where's the garage?" Jo asked as I came to meet her.

"Vincent will take the car around for you," I told her.

I sounded the buzz for Vincent and took her upstairs. It was good to see her again. I felt that she was going to be a strong, firm prop in a sagging household still suffering from the shock of that awful damaging evidence against Winthrop. When we reached my sitting room she took me in her arms, kissed me and went straight to the point.

"Now, what's the matter?" she asked. "You look pale and droopy."

"Matter?" I echoed. "Everything's the matter. Haven't you seen the papers about Mr. Abbott?"

"You, but I mean what's the matter with you? You don't suppose I think I was sent for about a man I've never seen?"

"Oh, it's all over about me now," I

told her. "Natalie lost a very valuable ruby and accused me of taking it. The circumstances were against me, but after we had telephoned for you she told me she knew I hadn't. I am no longer suspected."

"And is that all?" asked Jo, with that same unerring penetration.

I shook my head and tried to swallow a silly lump in my throat.

"He loves me," I said.

"He is Mr. Hazard—of course? Oh, Louie! Louie!"

She caught me in her arms and drew me close, and I cried on her motherly bosom while she kissed my hair.

"Jo, it had to happen," I sobbed. "He's so perfectly dear."

"They always are," Jo replied with a sigh. "And you love him! And of course you've got to break your heart and give him up!"

"What else could I do, Jo?" I asked.

"Why, I haven't a penny! I'm practically a servant. I couldn't do anything else, could I?"

"You could," replied Jo. "but you won't. My poor little girl."

After I had finished my cry and doctored my nose I told her all the queer things that had happened in connection with those lost jewels. She had seen Winthrop's post of it in the news papers. I even told her of that midnight chase where Hap suddenly had found himself in my bedroom, and what Natalie had told me of being sure she had seen the Duc d'Aubigny in town. It wasn't violating confidences, for Jo is Jo.

She thought it all over, and I was sure she was going to see a bulky way of connecting the stray threads of the mystery. She has such a logical mind, but her question rather disappointed me.

"Is there any one here I know?" she asked.

"Not a soul," I answered. "There's no one so ever knew who ever poked his nose in the presence of any one who ever poked his nose in this class, Jo. They all are terribly exclusive and awfully rich. I don't believe there's any one here who can think of less than a million, unless it's Mrs. Cutler, and she isn't poor by any means."

"Of course, I don't count the duke, for he's a duke; he has a title and prospects."

"Who is Mrs. Cutler?" asked Jo.

I brought out my list and showed her the entries; then I lunched into social history. But it was all too much for her at once; she held up her hand for me to stop.

"You're bearing me to death," she said. "Why, I won't have courage to go down. I haven't had a dinner since to my name, and they're great goodness! I'll stay tonight and go home tomorrow, since you are no longer suspected."

I didn't think of her clothes. Poor old beautiful Jo! But she always looked lovely in anything she put on. I rang for Cello to unpack.

Cello knows a beautiful woman when she sees one; and she never disguises the fact that she thinks so. She looked Jo into a very simple black gown that I had never seen before—and paused to wonder where she got it—then sat back on her heels on the floor and squandered Frenchly over the effect, as if she were entirely responsible for it.

"Ah, mademoiselle is most charming, most beautiful—out oh, out!" Jo knew enough French to understand that. "Mademoiselle has the grand air; mademoiselle is exquisite!"

Mademoiselle undoubtedly was. But I stood by with the most beautiful gown Mrs. Hazard had provided for me hanging upon my shoulders unhooked and unnoticed.

"Well, Cello," I remarked, "you might quit scurrying around on your knees and give me a little attention. Mademoiselle isn't going to run away; she is here for a week."

"Ah, mademoiselle, pardon!" Cello cried. "My sweet, charming mademoiselle. I am all contrition. But mademoiselle is so most beautiful. I am entranced!"

Jo paused in contemplation of her tall, slim figure in the mirror when Cello disappeared for a moment.

"How do you like my gown?" she asked.

"It's lovely. Where did you get it?"

"Made it."

I looked at her tolerantly, the way she has of looking at me.

"I may be a mimic, but I'm not that glib!" I retorted. "It looks like a model."

"It is a model," Jo said calmly. "And marked 'Paris,' but it never saw Paris."

"What are you driving at?" I demanded.

"The establishment is Madame Gantier, Robes at Montaux."

I looked at her as if she had taken leave of her senses, then gradually the truth dawned upon me.

"Then you're not studying botany?"

"No, dear, I'm learning a business. I'm already designing. I expect to have my own establishment next year."

I just wanted to sit down and weep. I felt that I could never forgive her, never, never! She caught me to her and pressed her cheek against mine.

"Don't be angry, dear. I couldn't let you do all the work. And Louie, I simply couldn't bear the idea of teaching."

"Teaching! Fiddlesticks!" I snapped. "Dressmaking! More fiddlesticks! I wanted you to have your course in botany, and I'm so disappointed I'll never get over it."

She calmly turned and picked up my list of entries without trying to console me. She knew I'd get over it, she ran her forefinger down the page.

"Knew the duke abroad," she read. "Which duke? The Duc d'Aubigny, or the Duc de Trouville?"

"Why, the Duc de Trouville," I answered irritably. "Whatever made you think it was the Duc d'Aubigny?"

"Oh, I think of silly things like that sometimes," she replied. She stood so still for so very long, while

her eyelashes swept her cheeks, that I began to shiver. "Did Miss Agassiz absolutely identify the emerald bracelet as her own?" she asked finally.

"Absolutely. It put Winthrop in an awful hole, and Jo, Winthrop never took that bracelet. He's not a thief; he's a dear, and there's a horrible mistake somewhere."

When we came into the drawing-room Hap was lounging near the door waiting for me, quizzically regarding the animated circle of which Miss Grace was the center. John was all the way across the room, sitting near one of the open windows, but when he saw us he stared, got up, nearly upsetting a table, and, upon my soul, I believe he would rudely have interrupted the duke's involved speech over Jo's head if I hadn't intervened.

"My sister, Miss Coleman, Mr. Crowninshield," I said in a hurry, for fear he would actually kiss her before I got them introduced—John, who never looked twice at a woman in his life.

Jo gave him her hand and smiled.

"Mr. Crowninshield," she murmured in the most approved tone. Jo was never out for a dressmaker.

"Why didn't you tell me?" John complained, and somehow our duke drifted into the background.

Jo's answer I didn't catch. I wondered what on earth John was talking about, what he meant by his question. He tried to maneuver her to a seat, but I came forward quickly.

"I want you to meet Miss Abercrombie, dear," I said, and drew her toward Lydia and all the while I was seeking to get her to herself and ask her a few plain questions.

I was terribly upset. I didn't intend to have John falling in love with her, and he was doing it, for he was looking at her just as moony as Hap always looks at me. She couldn't marry him any more than I could marry Hap, especially now, with this dress-making nonsense, and I wasn't going to have those gorgeous eyes spoiled; it was all right for me to cry, but not Jo.

It was a horrid dinner party. Laura didn't come down, which reminded everybody of Winthrop; Natalie was late. Mrs. Hazard was plainly worried, and Natalie's vacant chair added another pucker to her brow. Hap was silly, and kept trying to hold my hand under the table, and I was cross and didn't dare show it.

Natalie was shockingly late. She didn't come in until after the fish, but she was not in the least disturbed. She drifted to her place, all self-control with her jewels, which was most unusual; jewels were saved for occasions. Everybody noticed them, but Natalie chose to be unconscious of the stir her late, dazzling entrance had caused.

Hap spoke across the table to her when she sat down.

"Good morning," he said, laughing. "Everything was rather hushed and still except for the clatter of dishes and silver as the course was changed, and everybody hushed it. Everybody dithered—everybody but the duke, who didn't understand it, and Jo, who was never so undisturbed as to titter."

"I had rather wear them than lose them, dear," Natalie drawled in answer to a question Lydia amply

glued at her when the laugh subsided.

"Who knows when our North Shore thieves will descend upon Lane Oak?"

"Don't worry, my dear," Mrs. Hazard assured her. "There will be a detective here tomorrow to look after us all."

"Detective!" shrieked Lydia. "How interesting!"

"Detective!" repeated Miss Grace, struggling with his pronunciation. "For why have we no detective?"

"For precaution, your Grace," Mrs. Hazard answered him. "We Americans believe in locking the stable before the horse is stolen."

His Grace gazed at her amazed. Poor little duke! I wished that I could have been near to explain it in French. I don't know how he interpreted it.

"Well, I'm not afraid of thieves!" Lydia declared. "I always put my things in a stocking and toss it carelessly near my slippers under the bed. It's the last place on earth a thief would look for anything. That's Abercrombie system. Clever, isn't it?"

"Oh, mother keeps hers in a shoe, now," Dorothy burst in naively.

"I've changed again," Mrs. Abercrombie laughed. "Under the pillow. It's so old it may be new."

"I've changed, too," Dorothy admitted. "I'd rather lose everything than be scared to death with 'Your money or your life!' So I put half of what I possess in plain sight on the dressing-table, and hope Mr. Thief will think that's all and go away satisfied without waking me. Isn't that clever?"

Natalie was shockingly late.

Jo called, and every body applauded.

"I think I have the best scheme of all," Mrs. Higginson ventured. "I have, I assure you, a hot-water bottle, but really it's a charcoal bag. Now, no thief would ever think of looking for jewels in a hot-water bottle."

"You win!" Hap exclaimed, and he tossed her an olive. I think from his expression that Miss Grace was a bit scandalized at the proceeding.

"I'm trying to devise a method of protecting what I have left," Natalie drawled, "but—she paused for a moment, effectively—"I shall not tell it."

The rebuke was accepted good naturedly, but the conversation about thieves and jewels ended, at least so far as the women were concerned, when Mrs. Cutler remarked:

"I have a new hat, a perfect beauty! It came on the last express!"

And everybody wanted to know the color, and what it looked like.

CHAPTER XX.

The Picture Gallery.

I thought I knew Jo. I don't. She had either changed since we separated, or there were latent qualities in her that I never suspected. She had never been curious, especially about things that were none of her business, but she linked her arm through mine as we went toward the drawing-room after dinner.

"Who is the duke in love with?" she wanted to know.

"Natalie," I replied.

"Not wants to marry," she qualified, "but cares for—loves?"

"If you mean anything horrid, clandestine—why, I don't know anything about it, and I don't think you have any business thinking such things."

She merely smiled at my outburst. "Is there a picture gallery here?" she asked presently.

"Yes, why?"

"Oh, no reason particularly. There always is in these houses, isn't there?"

"No. There always isn't. Everybody I know, except the Hazards, have their pictures in town."

"Louie, what was the name of the German count who took us to the Spring Exhibition?"

"Count Felix von Brunner," I answered promptly.

"Of course," she exclaimed. "I've racked my brain for an hour trying to think of it."

I turned about and faced her.

"Now look here, Jo, you are making me crazy with curiosity. You've asked me three questions for no reason on earth that I can see, and I want to know why."

"And you haven't asked me the one question I expected you to ask," Jo smiled quizzically.

Suddenly I thought of it.

"Where did you know John?" I demanded.

"He has a client who wants to buy our stock in the mine," she answered; "a client who thinks he can pump it dry."

"Can it be done, Jo?"

"I don't know." She laughed outright at my excitement. "He wants to buy up all the stock. He can get it cheap, except ours. He offers us five thousand dollars for it. It's worth nothing unless the mine is pumped. Odd, wasn't it, Mr. Crowninshield never guessed who I was? And of course I didn't tell him."

"Gracious me!" I exclaimed, rather breathless at the prospect. "What does Mr. Partridge say?"

"Well, what are you—going to do? Sell?"

"I'd rather have the income," she answered.

"But there isn't any," I pointed out. "If a man knows—and he does know, Louie—that he can pump that mine dry, can buy up all the stock practically for nothing, except ours, and he lets our little bundle keep him from pumping, he's crazy. And if he pumps we will have an income. It's a gambler's chance, and I am going to take it."

"Yes, sounds gammy," I commented. "What the poker players call a bluff."

"I'm not bluffing—I'm standing pat," Jo reminded me. "And I'm taking the chance because I want to end this work of yours, dear, and these silly accusations."

We had walked to the end of the wide hallway, and I dropped down in a window seat, grossly neglecting my duties and forgetting that my friends were apt to get mixed. The prospect of going back to that tiny little life Jo and I once led suddenly appalled me.

"I don't want you to—to end it," I stammered. And seeing Jo's amazed expression, I hurried on: "Being Secretary of Trivoltous Affairs isn't important, I know, but it's my life now. I can't go back to things as they were. I would never be satisfied."

"You can't seriously mean that you want to keep on with this? Being a well-paid servant of the rich?" she asked.

"Yes," I admitted.

"I'm sorry, dear," she said softly. "Why sorry?"

"It's dangerous!"

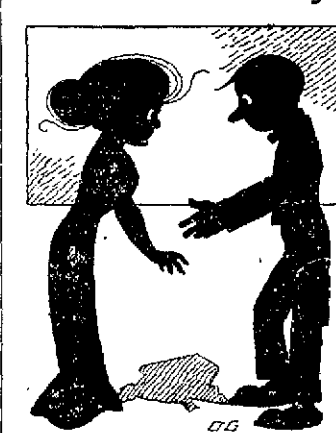
"Why dangerous? I'm quite capable of taking care of myself. You said so."

"You're already in trouble."

"Yes, but my heart's broken now, and there isn't anything more to worry about. I'll never love any one else. I have a good job, and—well, I'm going to stick to it. And when the Hazard don't want me any longer the Duke will do, and there's a long list of others I won't bother you to name. I've made good in my job, which reminds me that if I don't go look after it I may not have it very long."

I rose; it never occurred to me that I was pushing Jo out of my scheme of life. "Use the stock to finance the dressmaking, dear, and take a little from me—you take care of your—"

Silly-ettes.



HAVING IT SETTLED.

Mr. Washington—Miss Goldlocks! Clara, will you be mine?

Miss Goldlocks—Mr. Washington, no high-minded modern woman will ever consent to being to any man. But I will marry you, Percy.



MAKING CHANGE.

Mr. Openhand—I don't see any possible use for these proposed half-cent pieces.

Mr. Flitaskinner—They will be a great help to the cause of charity.



